



Valérie Devon

Presents

Vincent Reynouard editorials

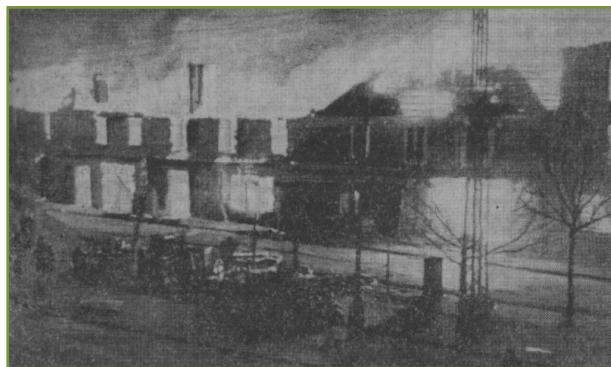
Our national memory confiscated

Sans Concession tv
Editorials tv

April 4th. A date which, according to Cardinal Suhard, "would be embedded in the memories and would count in the history of Paris and its suburbs".

And yet, no commemoration is never held to 4 April in Paris. Why? Because here as elsewhere memory is selective. There are suffering that matters, and others which, on contrary must be lost in the limbs of oblivion.

On March 4, 1943 French press (**Le Matin**) reported the ceremony held the day before, in memory of the victims of the bombing, that had bloodied Paris region a year earlier. This was the time when the activities of the Anglo-American planes worsen over the country spreading destruction and death.



On March 13, 1943 the daily newspaper "*Le Matin*" (p.1) recalls the funeral of the victims of the bombing of Rennes at the same time he announced a devastating raid on a Normandy town without elaborating. It was, as one would learn in the following hours, Rouen's town (← **Paris-Soir, March 15, 1943, p.1**). Serious damages were to be deplored, including in residential areas.

Unlike what happens a few weeks later in Anvers, where nearly 200 students would be buried under the rubble of their school, the teachers' calm reaction permitted to avoid a children carnage (**Le Matin, March 16, 1943, p.1**). "Calm" and chance too. As the bomb that hit the shelters in which the 400 girls of a nursery and primary school took refuge did not explode. The little girls were left for a few minutes of terror. But a teacher confessed that since she was awake every night by children's screaming.



← In Rennes, an 18 year old, Yves Poignant, member of the civil defense, particularly distinguished himself (**Le Matin, March 24, 1943, p.1**). "On the top floor of a building that slowly collapsed, two children uttered cries of terror. Hurrying through the crowd, Poignant grabbed a ladder, put it up against the wall, climbed and releasing the boy and the girl from felled furniture and walls of debris that held them prisoners, he threw them into a blanket held out to him. He hardly had enough time to jump himself that the house collapsed." Despite a head injury, Yves Poignant immediately left again to other rescues.

Three days after Rouen, Amiens in turn was the target of death mongers (**Paris-Soir, March 16, 1943, p.1**). In the press the accounts followed as a horrible litany (**Le Petit Parisien, March 15, 1943, p.1**). Always the same sight of demolished buildings or blown by bombs dropped from several thousands meters. →



In town halls or hospitals people came to try to recognize the corpse of a neighbor, a relative, a friend.

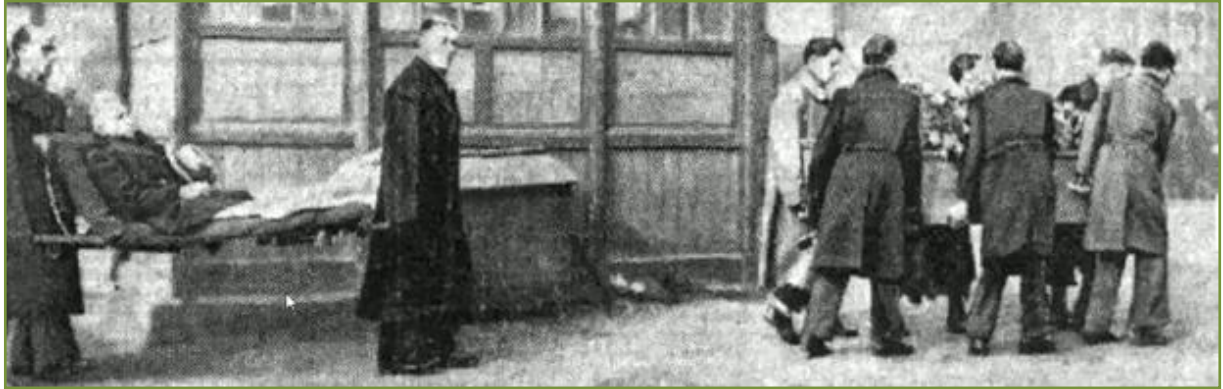
Meanwhile, the wounded were dying. Some, who had lost everything let themselves die. Such was the case of this woman, Mrs. P., proprietress with her husband of a coffee shop and who was playing with her little girl when death struck (**Le Petit Parisien, March 13, 1943, p.1**). The husband and daughter were crushed. Mrs. P. did not have the favor to die right away as she was praying for, and for 3 days refused to have her torn eyes treated. Death pitied, she came yesterday to deliver the poor woman who never stopped pressing the doll of the lost child on her chest. In a chapel, another mother stood before the coffin of her baby, repeating endlessly: *"This is not possible! This is not possible!"*



"Le Petit Parisien", April 13, 1943

"Anvers. The funeral of the unfortunate victims of the Anglo-American raid. In front of the Hall of Harmony, the first thousand coffins are gathered before being taken to the cemetery. "

France gradually got used to these mass burials, where the dead were taken to the cemetery by the truckload. She was getting used to see families crying over non-combatants. She was getting used to watch these processions of trucks loaded with coffins in devastated landscapes.



↑ Here, it is on a stretcher that this poor man followed the coffin of his wife, who died under the bombs of the freed-killers.



↑ At the time, the picture of this despaired man and that one supported, was touring the country. "*Paris-Soir*" specified that he was following the coffin of his wife and his child born 15 days earlier. A bomb had fallen on his house and destroyed everything.

A city affected could not even say that now it were safe. The bombers could return shortly after (**Le Petit Parisien, March 31, 1943, p.1**). The accounts increasing the following days, when the most seriously injured died in hospitals (**Le Matin, April 1, 1943, p.2**). Then, it was another town with its share of victims and seriously injured ones (**Le Petit Parisien, April 1, 1943, p.1**).

On March 20, 1943 President of Immediate Relief Committee, C.O.S.I. announced that one year bombing resulted in 4,000 dead, and 7,000 wounded (**Paris-Soir, March 20, 1943, p.1**).

In 1942, National Aid spent more than one billion Francs for the victims (**Paris-Soir, April 4, 1943, p.1**). In just the last three months it had to distribute 1,750,000 in food ration; 300,000 clothing items, 35,000 pair of shoes; 30,000 blankets; not to mention the tons of condensed milk, cookies, meat.

At the funeral of the victims of the first raid on Rouen, the Archbishop of Normandy launched (**Le Matin, March 18, 1943, p.2**): *"Such carefree of human lives, gear coming from an inaccessible height, and which, inevitably wander away of the targets, this type of action kills the body and also wounded the souls. 'It's war.' one will say? Insufficient excuse because over the war requirements, and its brutal realities, there is another requirement, another reality which, is Divine, and that we call justice."* The Archbishop ended his speech with the hope that, in the ordeal, french's souls get closer to one another and that the unity happens between all, whatever religious or moral views.

This appeal was heard. From Marseille militia had sent a caravan of 10 trucks filled with food supplies, especially for children: Casein vitamin biscuits (**Le Petit Parisien, April 1, 1943, p.2**). Breton prisoners of Stalag 3A made a quest that allowed to send 155 Reichsmark for the victims (**Le Petit Parisien, March 12, 1943, p.1**). The mayor of Rennes received many donations, some going as high as 5,000 to 10,000 French Francs. 12,500 FF were given by the POWs from the French colonies. More than 2 tons of meat and vegetables were harvested and sent to the devastated city (**Le Matin, March 18, 1943, p.2**).

It was the time when workers in Germany adopted french small orphans because of the allied bombing. Having already discussed this issue in an editorial, I will not speak about it again. I will just point out that these noble examples were adopted in France but regarding the cities. For instance, the city of Angers adopted the martyred city of St.-Nazère, and granted it an immediate donation of one million Francs (**Le Matin, March 13, 1943, p.3**). Monluçon adopted the little French town Cassel, and sent 100,000 FF (**Paris-Soir, March 15, 1943, p.3**). As for Lorient's town it was adopted by the Seine-and-Marne department, which granted it an immediate donation of 2 millions FF (**Le Petit Parisien, April 1, 1943, p.1**).

On that date the number of victims assisted in various ways amounted to 200,000 (**Le Petit Parisien, April 2, 1943, p.1**). 200,000 French people who depended on charity because of the Anglo-American bombing. As for the French Red Cross, because of the importance and frequency of bombing on the territory, announced the strengthening of its organization with the creation of an emergency team (**Paris-Soir, March 13, 1943, p.1**). As everyone was expecting more bloodshed from the freed-killers.

At the time, the media recalls that it was England who started civil population bombing (**Le Matin, March 13, 1943, p.3**). It was not until several serious bombing for Germany to respond.

Such caricatures were then published which criticized these warlike methods. ↓



" Le Petit Parisien ", March 12, 1943, p.1
"The abundance that England brings to France"



" Le Petit Parisien ", March 31, 1943, p.1
"We will dry our linen in the heat of the fires of the cities of France"

At the funeral of the victims of the city of Rennes the Archbishop launched (**Paris-Soir, March 12, 1943, p.2**): *"March 8 will remain in the history of the city and of Brittany. In a few seconds, with a raging fury air monsters have brought ruin and death. This one took away indiscriminately men, women and children. All were killed in Field of Honor of work. Before so many coffins grouped today in the house of peace, there is no room for hatred shouts. Yet, it is impossible that we do not voice our pain and outrage, for the war, even with all these impacts does not allow the killing of innocent people and civilians."*

Until this date, although the suburb has been attacked, Paris itself was spared. But on April 5, the national press announcement it the day before, Sunday, April 4, Paris was hit. Several hundred deaths were to be deplored in the capital and its suburb. This tragic Sunday, alarm sirens sounded shortly before 2:30 p.m. Then came the sounds of the AA guns. Then suddenly, the whistles and the first crash of bombs were heard. At the Longchamp racecourse where the races were about to begin, panic seized the spectators who rushed to the exit. *"This lasted only a few minutes,"* told later an officer, whose uniform was stained with dust, *"but it was terrible."*



Paris-Soir, April 6, 1943

This April 4th being one of the first sunny Sunday of the year, in this early afternoon, many people were surprised as they were walking. In the Bois de Boulogne bodies of walkers victims of the explosions blast lay on the ground (**Paris-Soir, April 6, 1943, p.1**). They were picked up by the first volunteer teams arrived on the scene equipped with stretchers. In the city and its suburb, the first bodies of people surprised by death were also identified as those 4 people mowed on the threshold's house (**Le Matin, April 5, 1943, p.3**). Human remains were

also collected. Sometimes the bodies were very many. Like at this stop, where dozens of people waiting for the bus had rushed to the subway entrance at the first alarm. But a bomb had fallen nearby killing many of them (**Le Petit Parisien, April 5, 1943, p.3**). In the affected areas, the distressing spectacle of destroyed houses everywhere.

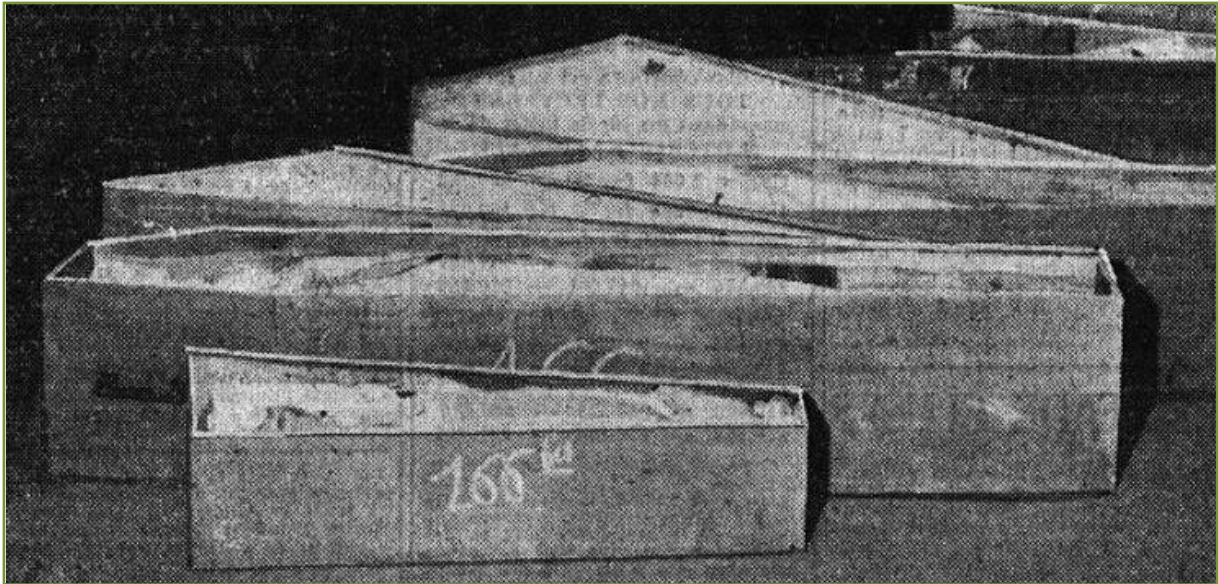


Paris-Soir, April 7, 1943

Some survivors who had lost everything sit on piled debris (**Paris-Soir, April 7, 1943, p.1**). Bombs also hit the working suburb, they were often of poor families (**Paris-Soir, April 7, 1943, p.3**). The humble Ben Saïd family had not only lost a member, but everything she owned. Mrs Larridon, sick, whose husband was prisoner, with no income and two dependents had also lost everything. Family Guillou, with very modest income, with 6 children, the youngest aged 22 months, were living in the street now. 15 minutes after the first detonations, all rescue teams set in motion, converging on the affected areas (**Le Matin, April 5, 1943, p.3**). Some rescuers were so fast, that 30 of them were wounded by getting to their position under the bombs (**Le Petit Parisien, April 7, 1943, p.2**).

They were going to have plenty of work. At first the wounded are evacuated with all possible means: ambulances, if any, or with simple cabs. While the valid survivors recover from their emotions, first corpses are cleared and removed, then starts the ruins removal work, whether individual or group homes. This tragic April 4, 1,400, rescuers were involved: professionals and volunteers, as nearly 300 houses were destroyed (**Le Petit Parisien, April 8, 1943, p.2**) and under the rubble of each blasted houses may be buried survivors (**Le Petit Parisien, April 6, 1943, p.1**). They had to be find quickly, before death did its work. One climbs, one searches the ruins, one calls by preserved or by fissures openings. Meanwhile, the terrible identification work begins. Marcel Montarron wrote (**Le Petit Parisien, April 7, 1943, p.1**): *"They are there, the poor died of a useless massacre. In still open coffins and on which lean the weeping mothers and weeping children, one perceives under a paper shroud a sticky*

blood clumps of hair and here and there a wax face streaked with wounds. On the chest is a brief information sheet to guide research: woman, old, black dress. Man, bald, gray mustache. Little girl, blue hat. And, in a small envelop: papers, jewelry, bracelets, the remains of handbags that could be collected. Suddenly a cry, a woman with white hair recognized her daughter and further away her grandson. "There they are, the poor dears. There they are!"



Le Matin, April 6, 1943

These two bodies were recognized, it was a young mother and her little child she was taking out on this beautiful Sunday. The coffins then received a number and closed.



The same dreadful scenes again and again. Backed by nurses, a young woman wounded in the left leg bends over a small 80 cm long coffin, her child, her little one, one-year-old, seems to sleep here under the flowers . It was then a piercing cry, inhuman. Gently nurses are taking her away from the remnants of his small martyrdom (**Le Matin, April 6, 1943, p.1**).

This woman dressed all in black, just recognized one of her own. She leaves the chapel supported by a nurse and a man (**Le Matin, April 6, 1943, p.1**).

A very old woman is looking for her daughter. It is impossible to put her in the presence of anonymous corpses. Gently, a nurse is questioning her. "*Didn't she wear a gray wool with white border?*" Between sobs, the poor woman said, "*No.*" And then her face lights up with a glimmer of hope: maybe she managed to escape the massacre. But the girl in the veil

who conducted an examination immediately returns: "She had brown hair, didn't she and wore a ring on her right hand?" at the same time she shows the jewelry to the poor mother. It was her. There was no more doubt. Then a sob broke out and rescued by two rescuers, the poor woman went to recognize the body. Few minutes later, a number was written on the coffin with the abbreviation IDF (identified) (**Le Matin, April 9, 1943, p.2**).

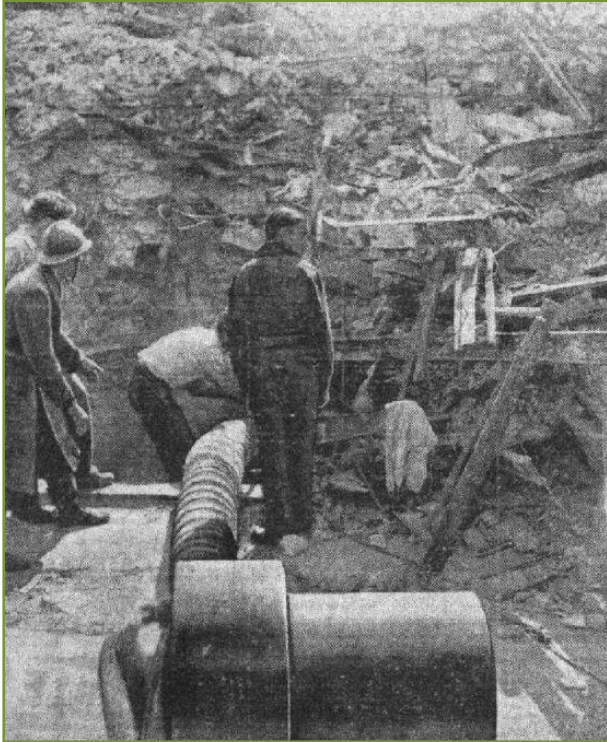


Paris-Soir, April 6, 1943

This little crying girl just recognized her mother. A nurse comforts her and take her away.

In this bombing died the composer Raoul Laparra, that some of the viewers may know (**Le Matin, April 7, 1943, p.1**). Two days after the raid, the press announced that the hourly victims list lengthens (**Le Matin, April 6, 1943, p.2**). One now speaks of 250 dead and 700 injured. But these estimates are still too low. For the past 36 hours now, rescuers are struggling to save the survivors still buried under collapsed buildings. Later, a survivor rescued from slow death, said that just as he arrived in the cellar the building collapsed (**Le Petit Parisien, April 7, 1943, p.2**). The unfortunate finds himself lying under a pile of debris of all kinds. "I have done everything to protect the little Jacqueline, an 8 year old girl, who was there with me." They stayed there, in this position without being able to move during 1 day and 1 night. "It seemed like I was holding all the house's weight."

Saps are practiced in order to approach the walled up alive. They are often made by professional miners called to the scenes. Sometimes, there is nothing to be done. A team of firefighters tackled the wall of a cave. The automatic punch makes a deafening noise. A thin opening was made. But thick smoke comes out from it. Only corpses were found (**Le Matin, April 5, 1943, p.3**). But not everything ends so tragically. Shouts rising from the depths attest presence of survivors. When by chance, a small opening can be practiced, the poor people received water and milk to hang on (**Le Petit Parisien, April 6, 1943, p.1**).



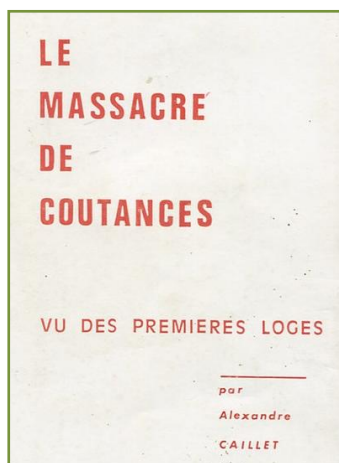
Pneumatic pumps are also brought to inject fresh air into the cellars where people stuck in basements may stifle (**Le Petit Parisien, April 6, 1943, p.1**). They are asked not to move and to breathe the minimum to save oxygen. Struggle against death begins.

This fresh air allows some to live up to their issuance, this woman was stuck for 36 hours between debris (**Paris-Soir, April 7, 1943, p.3**). At 2:30 a.m. hearing rescuers at work, she had the strength to shout: *"Help! I am alive! I am alive!"* This was the last survivor removed from under the rubble of this building.

Similar scenes repeated elsewhere. Around one o'clock in the morning, a woman buried

in a standing position emerged, she lives (**Le Matin, April 7, 1943, p.2**). *"It was long, very long,"* she said, *"Think! 34 hours! I would like to drink something strong. My daughter, my child! Where is my child?"* She was never going to see the little being alive. In the ardent chapel of the town hall a tiny coffin containing the remained of her daughter. Two women survived the drama of this building. *"It was horrible,"* said one of them, *"this atrocious promiscuity of the living and dead bodies already putrefying. My breathing was difficult, and it was about time."* Dawn is breaking, the calls have stopped. Yet, fifteen body are still laying under the rubble.

Sometimes terrible race against death ends with the victory of the latter. Despite having heard the calls, rescuers did not arrive on time (**Le Petit Parisien, April 6, 1943, p.2**). Thus, a little girl whom we had heard the calls yesterday morning, was removed dead in the afternoon, as well as her mother. Only the father's corpse remained under the heap of stones and scrap metal. This poor little girl had to spend her last hours alone with her parents' corpses.



Her story is comparable with that told by Alexandre Caillet, witness of the destruction of Coutance by the Anglo-American air on June 6, 1944. Several days after the bombing, Germans came to clear a particular building located rue du Palais de Justice in which they had set up their headquarters. Perhaps they were looking for documents and food they had stored there. Still, they found several people locked in the cellar, including a living (**p.187**); it was one of the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Fatout. She had certainly called and screamed but no one heard her. One hardly passed then in this street. Miss Fatout thus remained trapped there with four dead : her mother Mrs. Fatout, her sisters

Micheline and Christiane and her brother Roger... Terrible! When she was removed from there, she had gone mad and died two months later.

The plight of the poor girl in the Paris region had, on the other hand, been shorter. She died from lack of oxygen before the arrival of the rescuers (**Le Petit Parisien, April 6, 1943, p.2**). Just as these two girls whose cries were also heard, but who passed away before being freed.

Sometimes people died soon after being removed. In this report dedicated to unheard efforts by rescuers we read (**Le Petit Parisien, April 7, 1943, p.2**): *"Once more one would be able to remove a little girl and her mother Rachelle Segey. The father unfortunately couldn't be freed, and transported to the nearest health post, the mother and her daughter died shortly after their miraculous rescue."*

For survivors who lost everything or almost, relief was organized (**Le Petit Parisien, April 7, 1943, p.3**). By the end of the alert, 5 trucks of national relief are going back and forth to carry sleeping equipment, food, clothes and chocolate for the comfort of all. Schools are transformed into dormitory, and hot soups are distributed.



← These two children of affected families came to receive their rations which they were given without any formalities (**Paris-Soir, April 7, 1943, p.1**).

In the dispensaries, children are dressed in anticipation of still cold evenings of that time. While adults get supplies, in canteens other children who have lost everything are comforted and nourished.

Grants already reach: 500,000 FF are levied on revenue from Longchamp and sent to help the victims (**Le Petit Parisien, April 6, 1943, p.2**). In less than 48 hours, 600,000 FF are paid into the account of the Instant Relief Committee (**Paris-Soir, April 7, 1943,**

p.1). More than 300 claims files are established.

Finally, voices rises in protest against these warlike methods. The General of the POWs' reclassification Commissioner launched (**Le Petit Parisien, April 7, 1943, p.2**): *"In those so-called barbarian days, warrior hordes pushed before them as a shield, women and children on which no enemy dared not shoot. Centuries have passed, and here, far from being arrested as before by a risk of civilian carnage, one is on the contrary organizing this carnage with the assistance of all what has been given the name of science. Thus, innocent lives no longer count."*

For their part, the French intellectuals called for the International Red Cross for an inquiry to be sent to the martyr cities (**Le Petit Parisien, April 6, 1943, p.1**). Signatories include many academicians: including the eminent French botanist Louis Delaregenne, the geologist and cartographer Lucien Cailleux, the historian Frantz Funck-Brentano, the poet and dramatist Paul Fort Professor Pierre Daubelcour, pioneer of pediatrics. The brilliant inventor Georges Claude, Monsignor Cesarini and also Louis-Ferdinand Céline.

3 days after the raid, the accounts increased. Rescuers are continuing their efforts to try to save 23 people still buried alive (**Le Petit Parisien, April 7, 1943, p.1**). The press also announces the terrible bombardment of Anvers which made at least 2,000 dead.

Wednesday, April 7 were the funeral of the victims (**Le Matin, April 8, 1943, p.1**). The eternal scenes of families weeping before the spoils again and again. Constantly, even during the ceremony, the families arrive (**Le Journal, April 8, 1943, p.1**). Battered women supported by others, carrying armfuls of flowers, humble crowns where the inscriptions on the ribbons summarize annihilation: *"To my child"* ; *"To my family"* ; *"To my brother and my sister-in-law"* ; *"To my dear son"* ; *"To my father and to my mother"*.



← (**Le Petit Parisien, April 8, 1943, p.1**)

Everywhere people need support. Moms that are taken away once the coffin of their child lowered into the grave. Here's an old mom carried by 4 students on a lounge, she has the legs swathed, she was indeed seriously injured, but still wanted to be present at the funeral. Before her daughter who was killed, holders gently deposited the fragile burden. The mother gently weeps gently touching the pall, still seems to caress the child she has worked so hard to raise, it is a modest worker who lost her only goal in life.

There, it's a father, one could not find anything of his boy. He whispers something unintelligible, and then the tears flow silently. He will not follow the body of his son, he is with the others who have the supreme consolation: accompany their loved ones to the cemetery.

The same day, at the Paris Mosque, took place the burial of the twenty Muslims killed during the bombing. They were buried in the Muslim section of the cemetery of Bobigny.

On April 9, Paris-Soir paid tribute to 3 students, after heroic efforts had saved buried people. Firefighters had abandoned all hope of finding alive the tenants of a collapsed building. But by entering an excavation, a student - aid volunteer - heard the desperate calls.

"Bernard and I had to grovel. To advance further we had to crawl and dig a trench in front of us using our hands only. Illuminated by two hand lamps brought by firefighters, I cleared first crushed furniture, then it was rubble, twisted metal, we advanced with difficulty. Between my legs I was passing the debris to Bernard.

The cries of hope rising from the rubble encourage us. I learn that a 8 yrd old child, Jacqueline Dubreuil, is walled with her foster mother, Mrs. Quinten, and a tenant, Mr. François Petitjean.

In three hours of efforts we have advanced two meters without too much difficulty. Suddenly, my hands faced a cut stone wall, on my left a wooden staircase, I demand a saw, a hammer, in vain. Yet, I managed to snatch three stairs, and the light of one of portable lamps makes me see, through planks, a congested head, it must go beyond the pit where the three survivors are. I must therefore skew the sap on a right angle to reach the victims.

At that moment, the Captain ordered us to get out to recover in the town hall, just imagine that he thought we were professional miners we, mere students.

It is 1 o'clock, it is Roland Lestelle's turn to dig the trench. Tirelessly, Mrs. Quinten repeat: "Hurry! We are suffocating!" Already, firefighters brought in undermining a handle air and an oxygen pipe.

"At that time", says Lestelle, "I hear an urgent call coming from the ground: "I am dying! I am dying! Finish me!" I discern in a cavity a tuft of hair that emerges between two rubble stones. The man is buried up to the brow. I released him with difficulty. Suddenly he raves:

"August, take my spare wheel my rear wheel is punctured!"

I soon learned his name: Robert Caprero A truck driver. He had left his vehicle to take refuge in the basement.

I continue to dig. Another scream comes up: "It's too painful for a man my age!"

Petitjean moves and Mrs. Quinten complains: "François! You are squeezing me!"

Indeed, Mrs. Quinten stayed at the first floor of the building, and she ended up on Petitjean's body who went in the cellar with his wife and daughter. Little Jacqueline had her left foot stuck between a corpse and a joist. The three of them in the most uncomfortable position.

At 4:00 p.m. Francis Mezière, and his friend Bernard take turn with their fellows, outside there is despair. But, both students sacrificed their lives, they vowed to the buried:

"We will save you, or we will stay with you."

Yet, morale is low when they return. Francis widens a hole began by Lestelle. A hand passes. It brings milk, water, mint alcohol, and sugar.

"Courage! We're close!"

And now a brick fireplace stands in the rescuers' way. They need a hammer. Someone goes to find one.

"At that moment," confessed to me Francis Mezière, "I hesitated. Caprero demanded my assistance: 'the bricks may fall on him.'"

I turn, I make him drink some wine and water, I cover him with a fire helmet and I deliver him safely from the rubble that paralyzed him. Caprero calms down. He shouts: "Long live freedom!" You know that he came out alone from his pit on the stroke of midnight.

Finally, the hammer is brought. One by one the bricks come off. Another layer of rubble. Bernard activates the ultimate gap. His hands and forearms are bleeding all over. The last stone falls. It is 6:30 p.m.

The little Jacqueline stretches her hands to her rescuers. But she cannot move. Petitjean, one thought would be the first to exit is trapped between two thick oak beams, his legs are taken as in a vice, its body weighs heavily on Mrs. Quinten kneeling since more than 30 hours. Her ordeal ends.

Bernard must clear the excavation where the three bodies are located. He finally released the feet of the unfortunate, but the numb body resists.

"A final effort Mrs. and it's over."

She tends, rises, falls unconscious. Francis takes her by the head and dragged her backwards through the narrow passage to the stretcher that awaits.

Completely exhausted, in ragged pants, the two friends went back to deliver the little girl. Jacqueline cries.

"We'll eat with you." She smiles. But she cries loudly when her swollen foot is detached from under the burden that was crushing it. She returned to light in the arms of her rescuers.

"You've done more than your duty," said the firefighters Captain, greeting the two students.

Paris-Soir, April 7, 1943.

On the picture above, one can see the little Jacqueline Dubreuil shortly after being freed. One of her rescuer is carrying her. ↗

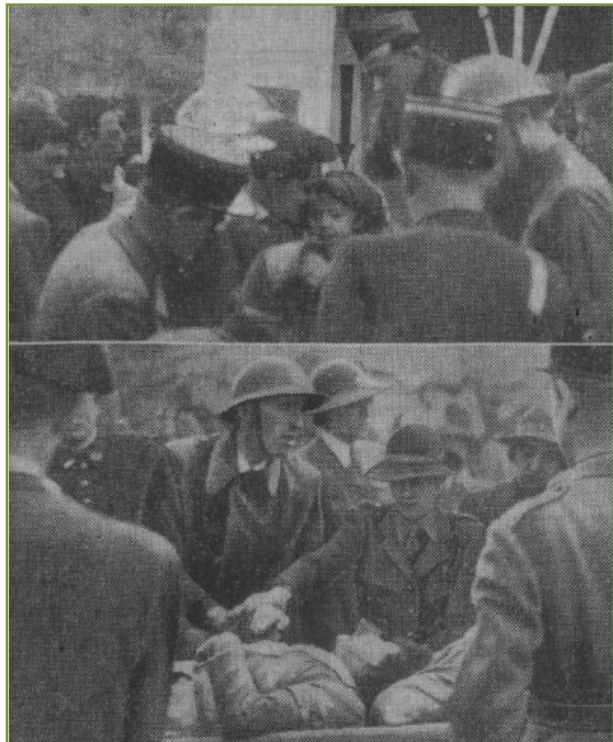
The picture below shows her foster mother on a stretcher and being comforted by a nurse. →

Paris-Soir, April 12, 1943.

Later, the press published this photo showing Jacqueline Dubreuil on her hospital bed with her two rescuers. ↘

Why did I insist on this story? First of all, because it is noble, but also because one of the hero was named Francis Mazière, he was 18 at the time (**Paris-Soir, April 9, 1943, p.1**). And the French renowned ethnologist, specialist of the Amazon, who died in 1994, was named Francis Mazière. Moreover, he was born in May 1924 in Carpentras, that is to say, he was 18 during the bombardment of Paris. Note in this picture the implantation of his hair. And compare with this picture where Francis Mazière band over the little miracle. The resemblance is clear enough. Despite my research, I couldn't find out if it was or not the same Francis Maziere. Maybe a viewer could help

me. Assuming that this is the same, the relative discretion observed today on this exploit would not surprise me. For, being in the spotlight of the daily collaborator Paris-Soir, after saving a little girl of freed-killers was not, and is still not very promising.



Besides, who remembers the bombing of April 4, 1943 today? Paris is full of multiple plates of this kind, who constantly remind us the misfortune of jews, or the sacrifices of the guerrillas fallen during the liberation of Paris.

But, you will find NONE, on a school or on a house,

that recalls the HORRIBLE death of people under the Anglo-American bombs. Where are the plates on houses built in place of those whose ruins were the tomb of all these innocents french people? What happened to the memory of these broken families?



Why is this picture never published in textbooks of National Education?

It is customary to excuse these bombings, arguing that it was a necessary evil due to the war against the "Nazi" invaders,

Let's admit it, but then, since it was a necessary evil, and that evil strike the French people in the war against "Nazis",

why such discretion? How to explain that the bombing of April 4, 1943 has never been a movie? The scenario would be rich! There would be action, suspense, drama and especially, especially, a message to remind the stupidity of war. So why this amnesia?

The answer is simple: At the funeral of the victims, Cardinal Suhard launched (**Le Petit Parisien, April 8, 1943, p.2**): *"One will say it's war. Yes my brothers war is a reality, alas brutal. And war has its rights. But the war also has its duties. Because, justice is itself a reality. And this reality has its rights. Justice, like it or not, will never admit that the end justifies the means. Justice does not admit that war aims are pursued in defiance of innocent lives. Justice does not permit such destructive power is unleashed without strict discernment and the carelessness of all it can destroy which is sacred."*

And yes, it always comes back to the same, whatever one says the Allied bombing strategy was criminal. That's why our memory is confiscated today. The induced amnesia when it comes to recall these memories is clear proof of the bad conscience of the victor.

It is time that the European peoples are reclaiming their memories and learn the lessons. This will be the beginning of a revolution in minds.

Good Evening

Newspapers :

***Le Journal* :** <http://gallica.bnf.fr/ark:/12148/cb34473289x/date>

***Le Matin* :** <http://gallica.bnf.fr/ark:/12148/cb328123058/date>

***Le Petit Parisien* :** <http://gallica.bnf.fr/ark:/12148/cb34419111x/date>

***Paris Soir* :** <http://gallica.bnf.fr/ark:/12148/cb34519208g/date>